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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 11

If you are opposed to the mutilation of horses by the cruel practice of setting-up or docking their tails, chiefly for show purposes, send us a postal for leaflets against this cruelty.

We shall be seeking again next winter through our state legislature a law forbidding showing in this Commonwealth horses with docked or set-up tails. We want the help of every horse lover in Massachusetts who will wisely distribute our literature against this practice.

Report comes from Spain that a certain town in the very section from which the most of the bulls are secured, Andalusia, has pulled down its bull-ring and built a large, new school. The town is strongly socialistic. Some day the bull-fight will be but a relic of barbarism.

India has just observed its sixth "Cow Protection Week." Hundreds of processions of cows and other cattle passed through the streets of many towns and villages. Lectures and sermons were given showing the religious and economic importance of the cow in Indian life. Considered as a sacred animal in India, the cow is not to be killed but should be left to die a natural death.

Of the humane education work of the Latham Foundation in the public schools of Alameda County, California, David E. Martin, superintendent of that county's schools, says: "The results achieved have been remarkable and the lasting effect of your consistent, definite program will be felt throughout the lives of the children who have had intimate contact with this program."

The Next War. Government experts, apparently the world over, are planning for more and more deadly methods of destruction. The new rifle bullet will have a velocity of 5,000 feet a second, as against that of 2,700, the present speed. Dr. Wilson of the University of Minnesota says surgeons of the next war must be ready for this as the new bullet will shock and destroy three times as much tissue as the old bullet.

The Set-up Tail

OUR readers will remember the vigorous campaign we put up last winter against this cruel and senseless practice. We sought a law prohibiting the showing at any horse show in Massachusetts a horse with a docked or set-up tail. If these horses cannot be shown in prize rings and at exhibitions the mutilation of their tails will stop.

We felt confident our bill before the legislature would pass. At the last minute representatives of the Association of American Horse Shows came to Boston and said, "We are going to try to get the Association itself to stop showing such horses. If we can do that, it will be far better than having state after state take up the matter, causing years of delay and much expense to both sides of the question. Hold up your bill temporarily and if by October 1, 1933, we have not been able to induce the Association to act as we have suggested you may put in your bill again and we can't consistently oppose it."

It is the first of October now. We have no word from the Association of American Horse Shows. We are therefore starting our campaign again against a practice that merits the condemnation of every real horse-lover in the land. Literature in behalf of our bill will be sent to all who will wisely distribute it, and above all attempt to secure the favor of their representative and senator for the measure. Please read in another column a letter from a well-known Canadian horse-man and horse-show judge, Col. Timmis.

The Seoul Press reports the annual meeting of the Chosen Branch of the S. P. C. A., Korea. Though this Branch is supported by both foreigners and Japanese, it is gratifying to read in the report of the honorary secretary, Mrs. Hobbs, "We rejoice to see the management and support passing into the hands of Japanese and Koreans, and look forward to the time when they will say to us, 'We can manage this affair ourselves.'"

An Evil of the Race Track

FEDERAL narcotic officers are revealing through their investigations a cruelty long inflicted upon race-horses. Seven arrests were made at the Arlington Park track in Chicago recently. The evil that is being attacked with vigor by the Federal Government is what is known as "doping." It is disclosed that more than 200 horses in as many races have been given drugs of various sorts, sometimes to stimulate and sometimes to reduce their speed. Heroin, one of the worst opium derivatives, seems to be the favorite drug. Cocaine comes next. Hasheesh, known as the "killer drug," is also widely used.

Five indictments were obtained through a Federal grand jury on August 18 against men for giving these narcotics to race-horses. It is charged that 250 race-horses have been given narcotics at race-tracks in Chicago and through the South and East. Three men arrested at the Arlington Park race have been sentenced to Leavenworth Penitentiary for three years. Two other men have been convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

This is an evil of which the Federal authorities say, "We are going to prosecute to the limit and stamp out." That this thing has been going on for a long time on our race-tracks has been thoroughly well known by horsemen and others familiar with the races. All horse lovers will rejoice that the Federal Government through its narcotic officers is attacking this outrage upon one of man's best friends.

Kindness to animals is not mere sentiment, but a requisite of a very ordinary education. Nothing in arithmetic, grammar or any branch of study is so important for a child to learn as humaneness.

—Journal of Education

The lack of humane education is the principal cause of crime.
HON. L. T. DASHIELL, Former Speaker of the Texas House of Representatives

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal acts.

Hunter

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

*Death in his heart and death in his gun,
The hunter goes where wild things run.*

*The image of God is out today,
His heart aflame with the lust to slay.*

*But only the devil will guide his aim
And the course of the lead which will kill or
maim.*

*And it will be murder in field or bush,
When the hare leaps out, or the coveys flush.*

*Driven by hunger a man may slay,
But what shall we think when he kills for
play?*

*Turn back, O Hunter, and let them be;
The harmless creatures of grass and tree.*

A New Deal for Animals?

DAVID LEE WHARTON

THE chief topic everywhere, at present, appears to be codes, the NRA and the blue eagle. But among all the babel of tongues, political oratory, newspaper and radio discussion, who has heard one word concerning a code whereby animals would be benefited? Any mention of shorter working hours, better food and more comfortable quarters for horses and mules? If an owner desires to work his horse twenty-two hours per day then put him in an unclean stall too dirty and wet to permit of his lying down, with insufficient food and no fresh water, where is the code to bring relief to this defenseless laborer?

Large business firms using horses or mules, make it a rule to buy only handsome and well-kept animals, and see to it that their live stock are well cared for and kindly treated. It is generally the one horse or one team, owned by some shiftless, negligent, and often cruel "higher" animal who lives by the toil and suffering of his lone beast or team, that suffers from cold, hunger and thirst, is often improperly shod, his legs indescribably weary, his feet tired and burning. Only their Maker knows the suffering of the beasts of burden who are unable to voice their woes. What a travesty would a shining blue eagle be upon the stall of such a creature!

Has any one seen an NRA upon a dirty and leaky dog kennel without so much as an old rug for warmth and comfort, or upon the cage of a wild bird?

Will there never be a new deal for animals until the millennium has come? There can be no true civilization until the rights of the so-called lower animals are recognized and protected.

Any square deal for animals would be a New Deal!

The beast of burden who toils faithfully in the service of man is entitled to his hours of rest and a fair compensation equally with man. He asks so little—food, water, and some consideration.

NRA may easily stand for "no rights, no rest, no relief, no regulation, no reward, for animals."

It certainly does not stand for "New Rights for Animals!"



JOIN THE JACK LONDON CLUB—AN ORGANIZED PROTEST AGAINST SUCH UNNATURAL PERFORMANCES AS HERE SHOWN

The Antiquated Zoo

JOSEPH RUSSELL SCHADEL

I RECENTLY visited a large zoo in a Pacific coast city, one of the finest and most picturesque cities in the country. To the morbid curiosity seeker and thoughtless element of the public all zoos are interesting and attractive; to the humane minded and conscientious individual all zoos are depressing. As I walked through the lanes of the zoo on both sides of which were alined the man-made prisons containing the freedom-loving creatures of the woods and jungle, I experienced a profound feeling of mingled sympathy and compassion for the subdued inmates of the cages. Sad-faced simians gazed curiously at the babbling throng of visitors; majestic lions paced back and forth in their much too small quarters; tigers roared in anguish, for it was close to feeding time; stealthy wolves trotted about their cages and peered through the bars with disgust; and other former inhabitants of the jungle showed their disdain for man in like fashion.

Involuntary confinement is demoralizing. No matter how diligent and exacting an effort man might make in an attempt to duplicate the natural habitat of the jungle beasts, those artificial structures can never appeal to the roving creatures which were born to feel the coolness of Mother Earth beneath their paws and were taught to seek their food and shelter by Mother Nature herself.

The zoo is an antiquated form of amusement, an attraction which flourished in the early days before the era of humane education, and should be relegated now to the past in company with sail ships, hoop skirts, bustles, flint-lock muskets and those voluminous beards.

All zoos are depressing.

Origin of "Chicago"

FROM an Iowa college professor, who sent us a newspaper clipping telling of a cat which mothered several orphaned skunks, we received the following account of the origin of the word, Chicago. We trust it will not offend our readers in the Illinois metropolis:

While we are speaking of skunks, it might be interesting to remind your readers that the city this year hostess to multitudes flocking to see its Century of Progress Exhibition takes its name from the Indian Skicagua, which we learn on the dependable authority of Harvey Ingham, emeritus editor of the *Des Moines Register* and an earnest student of Indian lore, is the Indian name for skunk. It survives in the present name of the Skunk River, a sizable tributary of the Mississippi flowing through eastern Iowa, which on the first surveys of this country was called the Skicagua River. Mr. Ingham says, "As it is, the Chicagoans now rather dodge the Iowa interpretation of their name, intimating that it was the garlic or wild onion that gave Chicago its name. The nearest the real Chicagoan comes to the Iowa interpretation is to admit that "in general the word was interpreted as applying to a bad smell."

THE Jack London Club is a humane society with no officers and no dues, and a membership of nearly 600,000. You can become a member of this club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

Iowa Farmers Protect Quail

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE fish and game commission of Iowa have declared an open season on quail this fall, but farmers of the state are determined that they are going to save the quail from destruction.

They have decided that "Hunters Keep Out" signs will be tacked up along the borders of their farms and that now is a good time to entirely stamp out the practice of hunting.

Some advocates of hunting claim this proposed open season was to make it possible for the poorer classes of people to get a little free or cheap meat. But it has been shown and proved that gun shells are expensive and not half of the shots bring game and it is cheaper and easier to take the money spent for shells to the butcher shop and buy meat outright.

Quails are the most beautiful and useful of birds. They are creatures whose confidence in man for food in times of storm and deep snow is very touching. During my life of nearly sixty years on one farm I have not been able to find a single fault with quail. I, for one, am going to protect them and I hope that whoever reads this will do likewise.

It was customary for the congregation to repeat the 23rd Psalm in unison, but invariably Mrs. Brown would keep about a dozen words ahead of the rest. "Who," asked the visitor one Sunday, "was the lady who was already by the still waters when the rest of us were lying down in green pastures?"



"HONK, HONK, HONK!"

From "Wood and Water Friends," by Clarence Hawkes.
Courtesy of the author.

The Wings of Wild Geese

SILVERQUILL

THE very world has adopted the phrase, "Silly as a goose," but, like many other things we accept without investigating their claims to truth, this statement is very far from the facts.

A goose is a decidedly wise bird; if not why did a certain one cover her eggs with hay to keep them warm when the weather was cold and stormy though she did not take this precaution when it was not?

In some mysterious way these peerless voyagers through space know the time when they are to leave their balmy lagoons in the sunlands of the South, and travel to the top of the world in the land of the Midnight Sun. On these dizzy migrations, guided by a wisdom as amazing as it is mysterious, these swift adventurers of the air keep to certain longitudinal routes, from all sections of the country, to arrive at last at a given spot at the ends of the earth.

Rising, often at sea level, they set their course to take them high above the loftiest ranges, many of whose dawn-kissed peaks rise cloud-ward more than three miles. Yet who has ever known of a wild goose coming to tragedy on the shoulders of any hill?

On these dazzling annual flights they cover from six to eight thousand miles, breasting head-winds and storms that would drive the stoutest ship upon the rocks; sweeping down the barbed anarchy of gales, lawless as unchained Furies, yet holding steadily to their course, their tireless pinions beating across the boiling elements for more than thirty hours without rest, while all that time their slashing wings have driven them forward at a mile a minute, or fully fifty feet for every downward stroke.

The best aviators may become bewildered between stations, though they have the assistance of strong lights, and radio connections from the ground every ten minutes; but wild geese never lose their way, and when did one of them ever come to grief in "making a landing?" Through starless, tempest-ripped nights they go to their destinations with the dead certainty of gravity itself.

Wild geese usually fly in wedge formation, with some old leader at the point of the line. This divides the air, and every member of the group makes the most of that fact by keeping a place in the formation where it escapes the opposition of the atmosphere. The leaders are not able to do this, so change often, while a continuous honking is kept up to hold the flock together.

Then, by some startling method of understanding each other, they seem to come to a common agreement as to when they should descend for

rest and food. When these have been secured in some wide field or island where they cannot be approached by an enemy, they rise once more and pursue their journey.

The old question, "Where do the wild geese go?" has at last been answered. For generations it was very much of a mystery, but now the secret is well known. Back of all this migrating are two very wise precautions. The parents of the young birds seem to know they are helpless creatures, unable for some time after hatching either to fly, or to escape from their enemies by swimming. This would mean their extermination if they lived close to human centers. Then, wild geese moult once each year, and during that period they cannot get off the ground, and they seem to know that if they were found at such a time along the rivers and lakes near the dwellings of men they would be exterminated.

To make these things impossible they fly to the distant, uninhabited regions beyond the Circle, where the cold waters of the Arctic wash the forlorn shores of northern Russia, near the mouth of the Lena River. Here food is abundant, and uncounted millions of wild geese congregate in these places and bring forth their young in safety.

When the sting of winter is felt in those icy desolations the geese come drifting down the world to the frostless Sunlands again. But they do not congregate into congested centers, as they did during the summer, they are too wise for that, but scatter abroad from California to the everglades of Florida. This wise conduct guarantees their food supply, and insures their preservation.

And equally as wonderful is the fact that wild geese have not always gone to the north with the coming of summer. It is certain that, if they lived where men do not, they would remain always by their warm rivers with no thought of seeking safety somewhere else. Going to the Arctic, then, is something these wise creatures have learned to do to preserve their existence.

But how did they know that the only place on the globe where they would be completely removed from the possibility of destruction at the hands of men was the treeless waste at the top of the world?

From an Ancient Code

He who does not willingly cause the pain of confinement and death to living beings, but desires the good of all, obtains endless bliss. He who injures no creature obtains without effort what he thinks of, what he strives for, and what he fixes his mind on. Flesh-meat cannot be procured without injury to animals, and the slaughter of animals is not conducive to heavenly bliss; from flesh-meat, therefore, let man abstain."

Code of Manu

Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-pervading soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

POPE

A Tireless Aviator

NEVIN O. WINTER

THE clever chimney swift has changed its habits to meet the conditions presented by civilization. Originally nesting in hollow trees, it now chooses the chimneys of dwellings and the tall smoke-stacks of abandoned factories. Soot-covered bricks certainly are not nearly so pleasant as the clean interior of a decayed forest monarch. But the dusky-colored swifts must have a fondness for human society, for they are much more common about towns and cities than in the country.

A great many people confuse the chimney swift with the swallows, for their feeding habits are practically the same; but it belongs to a very different family. It is a near relative of the night-loving whippoorwill and a sort of second cousin of the restless hummingbird. The wings vibrate much more rapidly than the swallows', being almost bat-like, and it is always chattering. I doubt if any other of our common birds spends so many hours a-wing, for from sunrise until almost dusk it is scouring the air for flying insects. It is much smaller than the purple martin or the fork-tailed barn swallow. The wings are much narrower. The bill and tail are hardly worth mentioning.

Did you ever see a chimney swift perching on a wire or limb? If so, please report it. The feet are so constructed that it can cling only to an upright surface. It sleeps in that position as easily as an old hen dozes on a horizontal pole. The tail feathers end in sharp, stiff points that serve as props. The reason that you never see a swift at rest is because it only alights on the inside of a chimney or hollow tree. I never tire of watching it, for it twists and turns as though trying to go through a series of grotesque antics. Sometimes it looks as though the birds were playing a game of tag. And the chatter never ceases for a moment.

The swifts usually nest in small numbers in unused chimneys of occupied houses. The material is small sticks, which are snapped off dead limbs in flight. They are glued to the rough wall by a sticky substance secreted in the mouth. Sometimes a piece of brick will break off before the glue will separate. When completed, the nest looks like a small shelf, slightly hollowed, and in it are laid from three to five long and narrow white eggs. From these will emerge tiny, naked babies which, after two weeks, can cling to the rough bricks as well as their parents.

It is after the nesting season that the large gatherings of swifts will be seen. Scouts must be ever on the lookout for promising smoke-stacks. In one instance coming under my observation, a factory changed its power system so that the tall chimney was no longer needed. Within a few days the swifts discovered it and hundreds would be seen each evening circling about time and again, finally dropping down into it like a swarm of gigantic bumblebees. If one listened at the bottom, a hum could be heard, as though some of the birds were continually changing their positions. Perhaps they were awakened by bad dreams or accidentally loosened their toe hold upon the rough surface.



THE SWIFT ALWAYS CLINGS TO
A VERTICAL SURFACE

John Burroughs tells us in one of his books of a monstrous chimney observed by him where probably ten thousand swifts nested each night for six weeks before they started for the South. No one has yet discovered just where the swifts spend the winter. They gather by the thousands on the Gulf Coast, but nothing has been reported about their movements after they begin their flight across the broad Gulf of Mexico until they reappear, chattering happily, late in March or early in April of the following spring. Their return is welcomed by every bird lover, for they are useful to mankind.

The Goldfinch

LYNN RUSSELL

*Down beside the purling stream
Where the nodding willows dream
I have heard you sing;
Thrilling and delighting me
With your sweet-toned ecstasy
Happier than a king.*

*I had hoped that soon I might
See your undulated flight
As you twitter by,
Heading toward the alders brown
Where a nest of thistledown
Holds a mate more shy.*

*Wild canary, robed in gold,
Life for you does not grow old,
Time is always young;
Filling all the world with grace,
Earth becomes a joyful place
Where your notes are sung.*

Prison Bird in Death Cell

MINNIE ANGELO

BECAUSE I am the best layer of my species in the world I am condemned to one year's imprisonment and then death.

The year is to be spent in a tiny wire cage, not over four times my size. This cage has not even a solid or level floor for my tired feet to rest upon. It is made of openwork wire and is of enough slant to permit the eggs which I drop daily to roll down into a trough outside the wire floor. This egg is dropped, not laid, for I have no round comfortable nest such as hens delight to line with feathers. Nor have I a perch to curl my toes around nights—an instinctive heritage which I suffer in trying to overcome.

My feed is dry. Never a wisp of green grass or a bug. These are supposed to be incorporated into this dry, "perfectly balanced" feed.

I am not perfectly balanced physically, nor mentally, for I teeter uneasily on the slanting wire twenty-four hours, for three hundred and sixty-five days, which equals eight thousand seven hundred sixty hours, does it not? This keeps me constantly at a nervous tension.

Well, at the end of that time I shall be such a burned-out wreck, that I will be glad to go. I shall possibly die from a nervous trouble which I observe attacks my sisters. They hop and scream and cackle, in this eternal din around me until, quite suddenly, one of them stiffens her legs and falls on her side. Then the man who feeds us and who, once a day, rolls up the long, wide, strip of paper which is stretched under our netting floor to catch our droppings; picks the stiffened sufferer out and throws her aside.

If I don't happen to die during my year of hysteria, I shall be taken out and sent to market. Not for a fryer of course, I am too stringy to fry, but for boiling, stewing, fricassee, or for canning. Good potatoes and gravy with my finely chopped flesh may help to fool some human beings.

Perhaps, if you can't enjoy the meal, you will only wonder at the lack of food value and the tastelessness of that tough old leg-horn hen that you tried to chew.

I think it must be naturally impossible for such nervous, stringy flesh to be of any benefit to any human stomach and for the eggs from such a creature to be of any food value.

The woman to whom I tried to cry out my suffering stood very still watching us all. Then she walked over and pityingly stroked the latest victim which lay stiff on its side.

"Poor thing," she said. "Possibly it is not too late to try and have this heartsickening evidence of the greed of man abolished, before it becomes a nation-wide disgrace. My family and I will eat no meat nor eggs that come from such misused fowls. Brown eggs for mine until I learn that this sort of torture cell has been abolished."

I hope that you agree with her.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is not humane either to keep hens under such conditions as are described in this article to get the last possible egg nor to keep cows shut in stables months at a time to get the last possible drop of milk. Fewer eggs and a little less milk and a just regard for the health and comfort of these poor creatures, human decency demands, to say nothing of justice and compassion.

Tunny Fishing

CHRIS. SEWELL

FOR some time past a positive furore raged in England with regard to tunny fishing. Apparently the unusually hot spring and summer have brought these monsters of the deep in much greater quantities than usual to our British seas, and provided a new reason for killing, just because there is something fresh to kill.

Tunny-fishing has caught the so-called "sporting" imagination of the rich, and has become a fashionable pastime along these coasts, as it has been from time immemorial in more southerly latitudes. In the daily papers there appear with sickening frequency portraits of society women posing proudly beside their prey—a brooding-nagian tunny suspended from a beam; whilst appended are a few explanatory words as to its weight, and the number of hours during which it was "played."

It is scarcely surprising that thoughtful people have been writing to some of our leading journals to ask, *a quoi bon?* This has caused somewhat of a flutter, and righteously-indignant articles have appeared in reply, setting forth the possibilities of the fish as an addition to our dietary.

Of course tunny is good to eat, but it is not caught by the Honorable So and So or Sir Somebody Something Else for that reason. If indeed it were, these well-to-do folk would be taking the bread from the mouths of ordinary fishermen, who would dispose of their catch more quickly and scientifically, and would have no leisure to "play" it for seven hours (no exaggeration, this!) for their own amusement.

What, we are fain to ask, can be the psychology of the man or woman, who is exhilarated because a living creature fights long and agonizingly for its life, and is finally hauled in to gasp out that life in inconceivable torture? They do not urgently need its flesh: they do not desire to hang trophies in their halls. It is no sort of menace to their safety. The stark truth is that they pursue it because its struggles of terror and pain titillate their competitive sense. To take it after a long and ugly battle gives them a sense of achievement—even of heroism. They kill for play and without shame.

We noticed in a paper only this morning that a lad of twelve (the son of a titled father) had, near the Dogger Bank, landed a tunny of 763 lbs. in weight. The caption attached to the illustration implied that it was a very fine and "British" accomplishment. Thank God, many thousands of British eyes will regard that accomplishment with a shudder of distaste. The appeal to sportsmanship which it was designed to make will be an appeal to surprisingly few. For the sentiment of this nation on the matter of blood sports is undergoing what is little short of a revolution.

Winterbourne, England

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

WASHINGTON

In making your will, please remember the American Humane Education Society of Boston, the first of its kind in the world.

The Beaver Builds His House

EARLE W. GAGE



THE BUSY BEAVER AND HIS WORKS

Upper left, beaver house; upper right, trees felled by beaver; lower left, beaver at work; lower right, beaver dam.

NO American animal is so clever as the beaver in building his home. No engineer reveals greater skill than he in interlacing his hut to protect his tribe against natural enemies, such as the wolf and bear, or trappers. The entrance is under water, enabling the beaver to pass in and out even after ice has formed on the pond.

In appearance the beaver hut resembles the igloo of the Eskimo. The foundation is laid in a circular shape to a thickness of about six inches, and in a most wonderful way it increases bit by bit, formed to resemble a perfect dome. Throughout, the shape is symmetrical, both interior and exterior being very smooth, and the work has the appearance of having been executed by a mechanic using a trowel.

The dome is the real home of the beaver family. A shelf, three or four feet long, provides a comfortable place for the animals to curl up closely in their beds, which are made by stripping yellow birch into long shreds, somewhat like the brooms made by the Indians, which keep the animals warm and contented. In the fall, just as killing frosts appear, the house is carefully plastered with mud, with the exception of a small place at the top, which serves as a ventilator. Then nature furnishes the extra covering in the deep falls of snow.

On a "floor" beneath the sleeping quarters is a cozy little room about four inches above water level, which is used for drying the fur after a swim, and as the dining-room. Six inches above is the bedroom, so that the water would need to rise ten inches or a foot before it would trouble the inmates.

For going and coming, or to make a way of escape from the meddling otter, two holes are made in the dining-room floor, which lead directly to the water. Under the water, tunnels are dug in the bank some distance from the house, to furnish other ways of escape.

After the dams and lodge are completed, the beaver works hard during favorable weather gathering stores for the long winter season. His favorite food is the cambium layer or green part just under the bark of the tree. When the bark is properly seasoned, the logs are cut into lengths varying from two to twelve feet, and are lowered to the bottom of the pond near the hut. This pile is of considerable size, for it must provide food for the entire family from four to six months.

If the dam be firm and the stock of food be ample, the beavers may remain in their home, under the ice and snow, the entire winter. Here, occasionally diving through the holes in the dining-room floor to their pantry below, for a log or two, they rest, sleep and spend the only vacation of which they know.

Few people know that the beaver carries a pair of pinchers. Yet, this is the fact. Now and then, in cutting wood up into the right lengths, and in peeling logs and shrubs, the animals get slivers embedded in their gums or wedged between their teeth. How they managed to get these out unassisted long puzzled man.

"They pull slivers out with their pinchers," declared the veteran woodsman. "Each beaver has two sets of pinchers which he always carries with him. The toenail of the second toe from the inside on each hind foot is radically different from the others; it is really a pair of nails, hinged at the base, and two of the knife-edges coming together make an ideal pair of pinchers for handling small objects, like slivers. Thus, each beaver actually has two sets of pinchers, one on each hind foot."

The influence that the fabled she-wolf had in founding the Roman Empire was insignificant compared with the influence of the beaver in opening up and developing North America. The skin of this water-baby was the powerful magnet which attracted white explorers, trappers and traders from the Old World.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office; 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for Our Dumb Animals are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

A Crime Against Humanity

IS it less than this—that of which those great vested interests are guilty who, to make money out of building war vessels and manufacturing war materials, seek to defeat the aims of Disarmament Conferences and to block every movement for peace among nations?

Have we forgotten the representative of certain of these giant corporations—one William B. Shearer, who played so large a part in wrecking a former Disarmament Conference? Whom did he represent? The shipbuilders who have divided among themselves most of the naval work carried on by our Government in recent years. Thinking of that former conference for disarmament and the presence there of this man Shearer, one is tempted to recall that verse in Job, "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came along among them."

These firms, says "International Traffic in Arms and Ammunition," have just been awarded 13 of the 21 war vessels to be built in private yards under the 1933 program, financed, in large part, out of public work funds. The value of these contracts is considerably more than \$100,000,000 apportioned as follows: \$27,304,000 to one; \$37,454,000 to another; \$38,000,000 to another. Four smaller firms get the balance, some \$24,000,000.

It is not that we criticize such companies for getting the contracts if ships must be built and war materials furnished. It is for such influence as they may exert to stir up the war spirit and create the demand in time of peace for ever increasing armaments out of which they may add to their profits. And further. If history teaches anything it teaches that increasing armies and navies mean war and not peace.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Setting-up and Docking Horses' Tails

Col. Timmis' Letter

Dear Dr. Rowley: At the recent fair and horse show at London, Ont., there was very strong evidence of the growing public feeling in Canada against cruel tail fashions. The first night of the horse-show in the open-saddle class there was only one set tail, and this horse was gingered. Upon the owner learning that the two judges were against such cruel practices and judged the horses and not the tails, there was no more gingering in any saddle or harness class afterwards. In the hackney classes all the young horses were undocked and all the brood mares except one. In the harness classes the undocked horses won many ribbons, including second in the open pairs. In the harness ponies there was only one docked pony shown and it did not get a first. All the tails in the saddle class except one were natural. It was common talk in the boxes and on the ringside how much better the horses looked and how glad everyone was that the fashion was becoming unpopular. *Sis justus et ne timeas.*

Lord Grey and His Birds

This English statesman, whose name will always be associated with the international affairs that led up to and were finally responsible for the Great War, was widely known as one of the world's best lovers of birds. His ancestral home at Fallodon was a model wild bird sanctuary and the paradise of North Country naturalists. Waterfowl were his special study and to see the way the flocks of wild ducks would gather at his feet, fly up to his hand and even light upon him, it is said was most interesting and amusing. Indeed, all sorts of birds peopled the sanctuary he had furnished them; among them the willow warblers were so abundant in summer that he called them the "Everlasting Birds" because their songs seemed never to cease. His personal charm, recognized so quickly by all who met him, would appear to have been felt by the birds as well.

Not Speaking for All

Though the *Catholic Times* may be regarded as the chief organ of the Roman Catholic Church in England, we know too many of that faith to believe it voices the opinion of the great body of Catholics. It certainly speaks a different language from that of Pope Pius XI who has shown himself a friend of animals both in word and deed. Let us hope the writer of the following in the *Catholic Times* of a recent date speaks only for a small proportion of his co-religionists:

"I have therefore no hesitation in repeating my original statement: it is better that a thousand animals should suffer, though we are bound to reduce that suffering to the least possible minimum (for we must use and not abuse God's gifts), rather than that one human rational being should suffer one moment's unnecessary pain."

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 16—21, 1933—Humane Sunday, April 15.

Our Humane Education Society's Service in a Vast Field

OUR American Humane Education Society is affiliated with the Parent-Teacher Association of America. The national humane chairman on the Parent-Teacher Association board is Jennie R. Nichols, one of our Society's best known workers. The following statement, recently made by her, is worth wide repetition; it stands for what she and our Society are constantly being permitted to keep before the members of this great Parent-Teacher Association with its million and a half of members:

"When the principles of humane education are masters of the souls of men, the day of violence, strife, class hatred, race prejudice and war is done, and governments and social institutions will have been established on foundations that will abide."

Helen Keller's Tribute to the Dog

This remarkable woman, deaf, dumb, and blind, known the world over, reproduces in her book, "In Scotland," a letter she wrote to the Duke of Montrose:

"Dogs are wonderful. I have a darling Scottie, named 'Ben-sith,' which they tell me is Gaelic for mountain fairy. She is not as black as she should be, and she has funny 'bow-legs,' but her eyes are black diamonds, and her little heart is pure gold. God was very good to us when He made dogs; they are the only beasts that truly love us. They share our moods, they make every pleasure sweeter, and when we are sad, they wipe away our tears with silken ears. They ask no questions, they make no criticisms, they are happy loving us."

Reuter is responsible for the following statement:

Berlin, August 16.—Vivisection of animals of any kind is prohibited through Prussia as from today by a decree of Captain Goering, the Prussian Premier. Heavy penalties will be imposed upon anyone transgressing the law on the subject, which is to be drafted forthwith.

"Anyone guilty of experimenting on animals from today, will be placed in a concentration camp."

The above must be interpreted in the light of the following from a leading German paper: "The law will take account of the absolute necessities of science, and will interfere as little as possible with the researches of medical science." Apparently this law may mean much or little.

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
 ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
 PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

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Springfield Branch—MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. AARON BAGG, Treas.

Winchester Branch—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers.. 13,094
 Cases investigated..... 463
 Animals examined..... 9,423
 Number of prosecutions..... 12
 Number of convictions..... 10
 Horses taken from work..... 23
 Horses humanely put to sleep..... 46
 Small animals humanely put to sleep..... 1,705

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected..... 43,374
 Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep..... 17

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Harriet D. Hurlbut of Boston, and Emma W. Hoyt of Belmont.

October 10, 1933

Nine-tenths of the unkindness to animals is due to want of thought and lack of knowledge. Personal influence, backed by knowledge, will better accomplish our purpose than force, but we have the law behind us.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief of Staff
 R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
 E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
 W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
 G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
 T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.
 H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	864	Cases	2,706
Dogs	652	Dogs	2,206
Cats	194	Cats	418
Birds	10	Birds	67
Horses	3	Horses	7
Snakes	3	Rats	3
Sheep	2	Rabbit	1
		Monkey	1
		Squirrel	1
		Goat	1
		Mouse	1

Operations	1030
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	114,292
Dispensary Cases	259,761
Total	374,053

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in September

For permitting a dog to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty by his failing to stop after hitting him with his auto, a defendant was convicted and fined \$25.

Another defendant who was charged with the same offense was allowed to plead *nolo*. He also was fined \$25.

One who had charge and custody of a dog was arraigned for failure to provide the animal with proper food, drink and shelter. He was fined \$25 and given one month to pay the fine.

Driving a horse afflicted with a sore under the saddle, fine \$25, which was suspended for one month.

For cruelly beating a horse defendant pleaded not guilty but was found guilty and fined \$25.

For unnecessarily failing to provide two dogs with proper food, drink and shelter, an offender was found guilty and the case was placed on file.

Cruelly beating a horse, its owner was fined \$10.

A defendant having charge and custody of a horse was charged with knowingly and wilfully authorizing and permitting the horse to be subjected to cruelty and suffering. He was fined \$25 in lower court last July. He appealed. Two months later his case was placed on file in Superior Court.

A youth who had cruelly shot a dog, which lived three hours after the act, was summoned into court. He pleaded guilty to the charge. The case was continued to the next day for sentence when defendant was allowed to change his plea to not guilty and the case was filed.

Annual Fair, December 14

AT the regular meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., October 17, Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, President, and members of the committee made arrangements for the annual Fair, to be held Thursday, December 14, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston. Among the features will be luncheon, bridge and afternoon tea.

Mrs. Clarke, general chairman of the Fair, will be assisted by Mrs. Frank Hanson, chairman of luncheon; Mrs. Arthur Hurlburt, chairman of bridge; Miss Dorothy Gray, chairman of food table; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman of White Elephant table; Mrs. Howard Woodward, chairman of the Taunton table; Mrs. Richard Taylor, chairman of the Winchester table; Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman of the candy table; and Mrs. Florence A. Morrill, chairman of the children's table.

Donations for all the booths and contributions of cash will be gratefully received, and should be sent to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

All members and friends both of the Auxiliary and of the Society are welcome and urged to attend.

Winchester Auxiliary

Mrs. Richard Taylor, president of the Winchester Branch of the Women's Auxiliary of the M. S. P. C. A., opened her attractive home, on Mt. Vernon Street, September 29, for a "Wayside Sale." Home cooked food, aprons, handkerchiefs, dainty boxes of catnip, new styles of note-paper and many other novelties were offered which found eager purchasers. Mrs. Taylor was assisted by a committee of members and friends. Among the features was a brief address by Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Parent Auxiliary.

Springfield Auxiliary

Tuesday, October 3, was a gala day for the Springfield Branch of the Women's Auxiliary of the M. S. P. C. A., when nearly 300 persons attended the benefit bridge held at the hospitable home of Mrs. Dwight W. Ellis, 133 Long Hill Street. An enthusiastic committee, headed by Mrs. Donald Kibbe, president, and Mrs. John Whittemore Harris, general chairman, were responsible for the day's success with the substantial proceeds for the Society's Animal Hospital in Springfield. Addresses were made by Mrs. Clarke, president of the Parent Auxiliary, and by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Society. Other guests included Mr. Theodore Pearson, general manager of the Springfield Hospital.

For the Work Committee

Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman of the Work Committee of the Women's Auxiliary of the M. S. P. C. A., will be very grateful for donations of blankets and pieces of materials found about the house, of no further use, also gauze for bandages and sponges. Cat pillows and pads for the cages of all small animals in the Hospital are made from such gifts, which should be sent to Mrs. Fisher, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie E. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Oakdale, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Forth Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, S. C.

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzell, M.S., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

Men and Animals

IN that interesting book "Some Animals I Have Known," Ernest Thompson Seton writes:—

"Such a collection of histories naturally suggests a common thought—a moral it would have been called in the last century. No doubt each different mind will find a moral to its taste, but I hope some will herein find emphasized a moral as old as the Scripture—we and the beasts are kin. Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of, the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share. Since then, the animals are creatures with wants and feelings differing in degree only from our own, they surely have their rights. This fact, now beginning to be recognized by the Caucasian world, was first proclaimed by Moses and was emphasized by the Buddhist over 2,000 years ago."

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.

PINDAR

Fez Reports

THE following will greatly interest the friends of the work at Fez because of its testimony to the influence exerted by the Fondouk upon public opinion in that city. We summarize:

Permanent Municipal Order, No. 146
August, 1933, for the Protection
of Domestic Animals

1. It is forbidden to ill-treat domestic animals living in immediate contact with the home or aiding in its labors.
2. By bad and abusive treatment is meant all acts of brutality or violence or other acts causing unnecessary suffering.
3. The overloading of saddle or pack animals making them bend under their load shall be deemed ill-treatment.
4. The use of all needles or sharp-pointed prods which might wound animals being led or driven is rigorously prohibited, also the use of any form of harness or other device upon an animal that might wound it either at work or when at rest.
5. Authorized agents shall have all power to send seriously injured or wounded animals to the American Fondouk where they will be given free treatment until healed.
6. The Chief of the Municipal Department is charged with the enforcement of this order.

July

July, 1933 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	34.4	
Forage for same		*\$108.17
Forage for dogs		4.98
Put to sleep		4.29
Transportation		9.77
Wages, grooms, etc.		94.21
Inspector's wages		26.57
Superintendent's salary		142.86
Assistant's salary		71.43
Veterinary's salary		22.86
Motor allowance		14.29
Sundries		7.85
		\$501.28

Entries: 13 horses, 15 mules, 12 donkeys.
Exits: 10 horses, 15 mules, 29 donkeys.
SUPT.'S NOTES: *This item seems high for 34.4 daily, but bought enough till September 15, 1933.
Report on the 70 Native Fondouks: Visits made during the month, 594; animals seen, 6,069; animals treated, 1,825; animals taken to the American Fondouk, 3.
From July 5 to July 12 no Native Fondouk inspections were made because of the Arab Feast (Moulaud).

August

August, 1933 — 31 days

Daily average large animals	34.4	
Daily average dogs	9.3	
Forage for same		\$ 7.99
Put to sleep	12	4.39
Transportation		4.28
Wages, grooms, etc.		77.65
Inspector's wages		23.84
Superintendent's Salary		131.86
Assistant's Salary		68.67
Veterinary's Salary		21.97
Motor allowance		13.81
Sundries		21.27
		\$375.73

Entries: 13 horses, 12 mules, 34 donkeys.
Exits: 6 horses, 7 mules, 20 donkeys.
SUPT.'S NOTES: No forage expense for large animals as we are using stock purchased last month. It seems to be impossible to keep expenses within \$400, as we certainly shall have more animals next month and October also.
Assistant's and Inspector's report on the 70 Native Fondouks: Visits made during the month, 810; animals seen, 9,729; animals treated 2,589; animals sent in, 25.
The wages of the grooms, the inspector, and franks 100 month voluntarily of Mr. Brown's, show reductions agreed on, to date from August 1.

A man is made or marred by the use he makes of his leisure time.

JEREMY TAYLOR

Teaching Kindness

L. E. EUBANKS

HAVE you ever known a person of fine character in whom kindness was not a prominent quality? I never have. Among young children, a disposition to cruelty is a most alarming sign, and the wise parent or teacher seeks to curb that tendency at any cost.

Investigation has revealed that most criminals were lacking in the quality of mercy when they were children—below the average in consideration for other people and for dumb animals. Enough has been learned along this line to show that education in kindness is fully as important as the scholastic course, so far as character is concerned.

We cannot begin too early with the youngsters, and pets in the home will be of great usefulness. I shall never forget the surprise of a certain father when he learned that his son had killed a neighbor's cat just because the animal would not do some trick that the boy had tried to teach it.

"Why, he never seemed cruel, in his relations with his mother and me!" exclaimed the father. Doubtless many parents have been similarly surprised; because a child may be too clever or too fearful to reveal his worst side to those who might punish him.

The very best way to determine his inner feelings, with reference to kindness, is to watch him with some pet. Of course you will have told him how to treat the animal—no child should be entrusted with a pet without having been so instructed. But watch him when he thinks himself alone with the pet; find out what his inner promptings seem to be.

A pet occupies a unique position in the household, enabling you, as parent, to teach many important things. The best way to implant the attitude you desire in the child is to show the analogy between your relations with him and his with his dog. For instance, he knows that you are strong enough and have the authority to make life decidedly unpleasant for him; and he knows, or must have it explained to him, that it is kindness and love which restrain you.

Similarly, he can abuse or neglect his pet; he has certain powers over the dog—how is he going to use them? Your aim, at first until the child is able to grasp truly ethical thoughts, should be to make him feel some responsibility.

I doubt there being any better way to inculcate patience and self-control in a child than to give him the care of a pet. Appreciation that a live creature is dependent upon him has given many a young person the first fine, constructive feeling of fairness, sportsmanship—"bigness," in its best sense.

Alarm Clocks for Birds

Here is one way of getting rid of trespassers without hurting them. At Alameda, California, some herons formed the habit of roosting in a public park and helping themselves to the park's goldfish. They were having a nice easy living until four alarm clocks were hung in the tree where they roosted. They were set to go off at different times. One week of wakeful nights was enough, and shows us that there is usually a way.

ETTA KENT



Atonement

EIRENE F. CARTER

*One thing I crave: That in some future day
I may have power, at last, to end the pain
Of all dumb creatures. Suffering in vain,
To quench the lust of men who kneel and
pray*

*To Him who never bade them hunt and slay
The trembling stag, whose death can bring
no gain.*

*I'd lift the terror from the cringing brain
Of stumbling horses beaten on their way.
And feathered things, whose gentle spirits
fret,*

*I'd hold no longer prisoned from the skies.
Dull agony that turks in piteous eyes
Of faithful dogs, my heart could not forget.*

*My soul cries out! Oh, may I pay the debt!
The vast atonement due from human priests
To all the brotherhood of tortured beasts!*

Humane Calendar for 1934

THE American Humane Education Society's Calendar for 1934 is NOW ready.

The picture chosen is "Happy Land of Childhood," showing a pleasing garden scene with a child and two dogs at a bird bath. The color effects are up to the highest Osborne standard. If preferred, Calendars will be supplied with a picture in black and white of a child and cat with a spinning wheel. BE SURE to state which picture is desired. Otherwise the colored one described above will be sent.

The leaves of the pad, one for each month, contain the usual valuable humane hints on the care of animals and are especially adapted to use in Schools.

Price remains the same as in former years: 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, post-paid to any address.

Special printing with Society's name and list of officers, for immediate orders only. 100 @ \$19; 200 @ \$34; 300 @ \$50; 500 @ \$81; transportation extra.

The calendars will be mailed promptly upon receipt of order which should be sent early to avoid disappointment.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY,
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

The Great Cruelty—Then and Now

Report of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the National Committee on Humane Slaughtering, at Convention of American Humane Association, Hartford, Conn., October 11, 1933

WHEN I wrote the Secretary, Mr. Walker, that the title of what I intended to say tonight would be "THEN AND NOW," the "THEN" of which I was thinking was that memorable day of a hundred and eleven years ago when Richard Martin made himself immortal by securing the legislation out of which grew in London, England, the great Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The "NOW" was to be today. But Mr. Walker also asked me to make a report, as Chairman of the National Committee, on Humane Methods in the Slaughtering of our Food Animals. Not to run the risk of wearying you by two addresses I am confining myself to one, and the "THEN" that I have at the moment in mind is that day far back in 1877, 56 years ago when this Association held its first meeting in Cleveland. The chief evil that occupied the attention of that gathering was the cruelty associated with the transportation of livestock. The cruelties involved in slaughtering these animals were only incidentally considered. It was not till the meeting in New Orleans in 1908 that a Committee appointed the previous year brought the subject before the Association for serious discussion. The "NOW" is this day of our Lord October 11th, 1933, a half a century and more ago, since that first meeting of this Association.

The subject is not a pleasant one. Back of it one sees the blood-red floors of a thousand shambles, and hears the cries of the frightened victims daily sacrificed for human food. On and on, and ever on, through nights and days and weeks and months and years, travel that never-resting procession of something like a hundred million four-footed creatures wending their weary way from ranch and farm to shipping pens, thence to the great abattoirs and the innumerable private butcheries to meet death, with rare exceptions, in a needlessly cruel and inhuman way.

A Century of Progress? Yes, in many a field of human activity, but who would venture to speak of a century of progress in the way our food animals are killed? With a rapidly growing population demanding flesh to eat the whole process of slaughter has been speeded up as a gigantic business. Not how humanely can we kill, rather how quickly and how cheaply can we transfer living flesh and blood into food. That has been the problem. The large beef animals for the most part are jammed with prods into a single pen to be stunned with the blow of a poleaxe, the position of their heads being such that it is often almost impossible to down them with a single blow. Two, three blows, and sometimes more I have seen struck upon one dodging victim's head before the suffering beast fell unconscious.

Practically all our swine, our sheep and many of our calves hanging by a hind leg meet death through the knife that is plunged into their throats, consciousness persisting often for at least some seconds, just how many no one knows. A Century of Progress? A century of barbarism by a nation

claiming to be civilized, and this today when the world thinks of civilization as measured by the attitude of men and women toward all injustice and the suffering either of man or beast. Where shall we look for the real signs of our greatness as a nation? Shall it be within the wide enclosures of that enormous exhibition in Chicago, or shall it be within those blood-stained shambles that, large and small, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, cry aloud to Heaven for reform.

Briefly let me tell the story from the "THEN" of 1877, when the American Humane Association first began its work, to the "NOW" of this present hour. No National Committee relative to this subject was formed till 1907 and then made its report from time to time. Other committees were appointed, and year in and year out there was discussion and still discussion, always discussion, little more, but nothing came of it. One must not forget, however, that Henry Bergh, the nephew of the founder of the American S. P. C. A. and his successor as President of that Society, with the support and backing of the American S. P. C. A., was deeply interested in this subject and spent time and money seeking a device to kill food animals instantly and painlessly. But the Association itself accomplished nothing, and Mr. Bergh's efforts were fruitless. At last a special meeting of some of the officials of the stronger humane organizations was called at Buffalo in 1922. At that meeting a National Committee was appointed. The Chairman of that Committee, after visiting practically all the leading abattoirs of Europe and studying their methods, as a rule much more humane than those in this country, sent broadcast over the land the story of the method by which our food animals here were being slaughtered. Hundreds of newspapers were paid to call attention to that story which would be sent free upon application. Its title was "The Great Cruelty." Not long after came word from the great Institute of American Meat Packers, representing more than 200 of the larger slaughter-houses of America, that the agitation was hurting their business and that they would be glad to co-operate with the Committee. In 1923 a meeting was held in the directors' room of the American S. P. C. A. in New York City. Two representatives of the Institute were present. They expressed the willingness of the Institute to co-operate. There was general agreement that a device was needed for the destruction of our food animals, mechanical in its nature, economic, safe and sure and that would produce unconsciousness before the use of the knife. Generously the New York Society in 1922 had offered a prize of \$10,000 for such a device. During the succeeding year several hundred devices or designs of devices were submitted. With great anticipation of success the Committee visited one of the large abattoirs in Chicago to see the most promising of the devices operate. Alas, none of them met the requirements. One of them, however, came so

near it that it was decided to attempt its perfection. Two years were consumed in this endeavor. It was all in vain.

Then came word from Bavaria, Germany, that a special electric current with a voltage of from 50 to 80, the current itself interrupted 8 or 10 thousand times a minute, would reduce any animal to unconsciousness without suffering for a period long enough for it to be bled out before consciousness returned and so dying from loss of blood.

Correspondence with large abattoirs abroad on the Continent filled your Committee with hope. We believed that the day we had been looking for was dawning. The subject was then taken up with the great packing houses. They were evidently interested and one of them particularly began experimenting with this new device, both upon cattle and upon swine. Nearly four years have been spent in experimentation—and the result? Very little, up to the moment; that encourages us to believe that we are nearing our goal. No attempt, it also should be said, has been made up to the present to try this method out upon the millions of sheep and calves annually slaughtered, though abundant evidence can be had that in certain parts of Europe these smaller animals are being humanely killed by this method, or by stunning.

As to the stunning of the beef cattle by this believed-to-be humane electric stunning method, the Institute of American Meat Packers reported to me that they had found blood splashes in the carcass which interfered with the sale of the meat. This has led them to abandon further experimentation while they say they are seeking to find the causes of it and so to eliminate it. Upon learning this I wrote to the heads of the slaughtering departments of Munich, Germany, where this new method has been for years in use, and their reply is that they first had the same trouble but have learned how to eliminate it. This, it seems to me, the Institute of American Meat Packers might also have done had they devoted the time and expense necessary.

As to the killing of swine by this method, they have not yet perfected any device that seems at all practicable. The device or devices used in the experiments that your Committee has witnessed have been so impractical and have so slowed up the speed of slaughtering that they, so far as I can learn, have been abandoned. It is true that in a letter from the head of the Institute some weeks ago I was told that they were considering some sort of a platform that might pick up the swine and carry them rapidly on toward a stunning device, but from a report received within a week of the slaughtering methods going on in the abattoirs at Chicago I have learned that nothing is being done in the way of experimenting with stunning by the electric current and that the same old methods are being followed that we have been at work these many years to change. Then it was hoped that not only the beef animals and the swine would be humanely stunned by this electric device but that the many millions of calves and sheep would also be humanely killed by the same method. But toward the humane destruction of these animals not a step has been taken.

I hope you will forgive the personal element in what I am about to say. Almost

from the first day of my successorship to Mr. Angell I have been impressed by the gigantic burden of suffering constantly falling upon the food animals, particularly of this country, from the time they are headed toward the slaughter-house till death ends their journey. That it has outnumbered many, many fold all the other sufferings that animals endure, and that it is the supreme problem before the humane societies of this country I am confident. For the most of these twenty-three years and a half I have hoped and dreamed to live to see the day when they might meet death with the least possible suffering, for if we insist they shall be killed for our food we owe them by every law human and divine the most painless death that human ingenuity can devise. And what shall I say now? That this dream and this hope give little promise of realization in my day.

Let me read a letter that I wrote last month to the President of the Institute of American Meat Packers: "The report that I am to make at Hartford, October 11th, will not be satisfactory to the delegates and I am sure it will not be satisfactory to you. I do not doubt that the Institute of American Meat Packers has wanted to co-operate with the humane organizations of the United States in securing the humane slaughter of our food animals; all of us who know the facts realize how gigantic the problem is in this country where animals are killed so rapidly and in such almost incredible numbers. We also accept without question your statement that a good many thousands of dollars have been spent in experimenting with this so-called new electric manner of stunning. At the same time, the Committee of which I am Chairman cannot help feeling that there has not been the thorough and exhaustive attempt to solve the problem that there should have been and might have been on the part of the great packing concerns of the United States."

What, then, as Chairman of the National Committee, have I to say to the delegates to this Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association? Only this: so far as I can see, nothing but an aroused and determined public opinion,—an opinion informed as to the methods by which our food animals are being killed, an opinion indignant and outraged because in a civilized country humaner methods have not been devised by those whose business it is to destroy these animals—nothing but this will wipe this reproach from our nation and bring the day when the animals sacrificed by us for human food shall be treated, in the sacrifice, with that justice and compassion we should claim for ourselves were we in their place and they in ours. So far as I can see it, then, it remains for every humane organization of this country by every means within its power to keep every man and woman and child it can reach informed as to the cruelties now existing in the slaughter houses of this land, urging upon them to purchase only such meat products, if it be possible, of animals as have been humanely slaughtered. Where such meat cannot be obtained, then, if we are in earnest in this matter, let us cut down our consumption of the meat of animals inhumanely destroyed. In all our public meetings, in our private conversations, through the press, through every channel open to us let us create a public opinion that shall demand

such reform in the slaughtering methods by which our food animals are destroyed as shall justify our existence as humane organizations and entitle us to be called a civilized people.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON HUMANE SLAUGHTERING

FRANK B. RUTHERFORD
SYDNEY H. COLEMAN
WILLIAM E. BEVAN
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *Chairman*



A Famous Swiss Police Dog

MRS. E. R. ADAMSON

WIGGER VON BLASENBERG of Lausanne has become an important factor in the police department of his native city. This remarkable dog was trained a few years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Eustice, Americans, who went to Switzerland to establish the school of the "seeing eye," where German police dogs are taught to become eyes for Swiss blind.

Wigger served in this capacity for some time, but his intelligence and sagacity developed to such an extent that he was promoted to a Scotland Yard career, in which he has already made a name for himself. He is known to have aided the police of the Canton of Vaud in no less than forty difficult cases, thirty-two of which he successfully solved.

One day a farmer came to the police headquarters and told of a purse he had lost while ploughing his fields. Wigger was given the scent. After two hours of strenuous search he dug the purse up from under a six-inch furrow.

One of Wigger's cleverest exploits was the finding of a peasant woman who had disappeared from her home in the Jura Mountains. For days her family and friends had searched in vain. With all odds against him—a scent seventy hours old, and a heavy fall of snow in the meantime, Wigger was able to locate the woman, who had lost her way and lay buried in the snow.

"Frolic"

REV. WALTER SCOTT

Dear "Frolic," thirteen years or more
We've lived as friends together
Through lights and shadows, ups and downs,
And every kind of weather.

There is a mystic tie that binds
Together dogs and man,
It is a very happy lot,
Part of great Nature's plan.

You've been a fine and kindly dog,
The best dog I have known
Through many years, through smiles and
tears,
Whatever winds have blown.

But, Frolic, both for dogs and man
The sunset bell shall sound,
And to the best of comradeship
The parting time comes round.

I pay my tribute, old time friend,
You have done much for me;
I praise your worth, and keep for aye
A happy memory.

The Discontented Camel

ALL camels are discontented. They hate being camels, but they would hate to be anything else, because in their opinion all other living creatures are beneath contempt, especially human beings. The expression upon their faces when they pass you or the road indicates that they regard you as a bad smell.

They nurse a perpetual grievance against mankind, and ruminate upon their wrongs until they groan aloud; yet when you go to them to find out what is the matter they give you no hint of any specific trouble, but merely look at you with sad, reproachful eyes and groan more loudly, or, in certain cases when their sense of unbearable insult is overwhelming, try rather half-heartedly to bite you.

Their days are irksome to them; they have no hope; they make no friends; they just complain and unwillingly submit. When they are being ridden they do not attempt to co-operate with their riders; and when they are being used as beasts of burden they protest indignantly but ineffectually against their loads, and try their best to make you feel a cad.

ARTHUR WEIGALL in *Strand Magazine*

Annuity Bonds

Many men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe, and yield a return according to one's age. Send the coupon for full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name Age

Address

The Cat by the Fire

C. M. LITTELJOHN



THE fireside friend, or foyer companion, has his rightful place in the clubby family circle beside the blazing logs. In new-found leisure of today there is more time for greater enjoyment of the fire and cultivation of the family circle.

Extended before the dancing blaze, something of the great warmth of the fire itself seems harbored in the cat. Her sense of warmth is conveyed in a friendly purr, as she comes in close to the flames. She nods in complete satisfaction, and lets her furry skin slowly close like shutters over her beautiful yellow eyes turned sidewise by the sandman.

Not noticing her at times, the family exchanges experiences of the day, talks of plans, and chatters away before the flickering flames. Yet the cat is absorbed most completely into the family circle spread about the fireplace or hearth, which has been the real center of the home from medieval days to the present, and which quite recently is enjoying something approaching a renaissance.

Seated on the edge of the rug, or curled on a cushion of the davenport, the cat teaches the art of leisure, of unhurried and unharried existence, of being without care or worry. She gives herself up to utter enjoyment and purring contentment, which is expressed in every extended, relaxed limb. And she seems to enjoy the silence more than the gossip, since she cannot be tempted to unbosom herself at any time.

Many delightful visions one glimpses in the fire. The cat blinks at the faces outlined or observed by the family as etched in the flames, the swirling blues of gas and air, flickering shadows that glide and vanish, and which have a kind of eeriness when the fire is the only light remaining in the room. Shadows of folk by the fire are cast on ceiling and rear walls, now as giants, now as dwarfs, grotesque or bizarre, as the flames happen to flare here and there in their mad dance between the andirons.

And how much more enjoyable for both cat and family is this common interest, this direct tie with the feline pet, this great natural phenomenon, one of the earliest discoveries of pre-historic man in the midst of that wild nightmare age, when terrible monsters, now departed from this earthly scene, unexpectedly routed families in flight from their caves.

Nobody is required to say a word at the hearth; the fire does all the chatting. But when confidences are exchanged, the matters discussed never leave the room. The cat, who is privy to all family councils, never intrudes or pries. A confidant

of the little circle, she is nevertheless more often bored than inquisitive of any family secrets.

The cat is at her best at such a fireside. Cat and family nod together there as the evening advances, postponing through sheer comfort the hour of leaving the golden silence of the flame-shadowed room.

The best of everything has gone up the chimney in smoke, just as the best of life goes up in laughter. All the lingering fragrance of the spiced forest scents exuded from the burned logs is enjoyed by everyone. There the family is secluded from the world, and there the entire world is excluded.

Is there any more interesting or delightful spot on a damp autumn or winter evening than the fireplace, where home fires are kept burning, and a sphinx-like cat reposes before the blazing logs?

Poison Bait Kills Wild Life

HAZELANA GOODWIN

POISON bait scattered in Colorado forests to kill coyotes is killing off the birds, and, without birds to keep down the insect pests, the trees are dying by tens of thousands.

This charge is made by Dr. Louis A. Bean, of Denver and Indian Hills, Colorado, a lifelong student of Colorado wild life, in a letter to Governor Ed. C. Johnson. Dr. Bean urges that Colorado adopt a state law to make the use of poison bait a penitentiary offense in Colorado.

He charges that federal officers, aiming at destruction of coyotes, mountain lions, and other predatory animals considered killers of sheep and cattle, are scattering huge quantities of poison suet through the forests. All birds eat suet.

Birds such as wrens and flickers that eat woodticks, sapsuckers and woodpeckers that devour bugs and worms from the trees, and chickadees that keep tree branches free of insects, are no more. Field birds, sheep, horses, and cattle are killed by poison grain put out to kill rabbits and other field rodents.

The woodtick is the transmitter of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. The battle with the insects can only be won by protecting the birds.

Do not under any consideration, leave your cat to shift for itself when you are away from home or the house is vacant. To abandon your cat is criminal and inhumane. There is a law against such cruelty.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See back cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and fifty-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported during September. Of these, 132 were in Virginia, 22 in Pennsylvania, two in Colorado, and one each in Massachusetts and Vermont.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 196,513

In the Cape of Good Hope

During the year ending June 30, 1933, 2,821 children took S. P. C. A. badges in connection with the Band of Mercy of the Cape of Good Hope S. P. C. A. More than 7,050 children wrote essays in the competition conducted by the Society. The Girl Guides organization encourages amongst its members a much greater effort in the cause of animals and asks assistance and support of the S. P. C. A.

York Minster, England

We learn from *Band of Mercy*, London, that nearly 1,700 York children attended a service in the nave of York Minster last June, specially arranged for them as members of the York Band of Mercy by the honorary secretary. The children represented 20 York schools, and each school had been allocated a separate seating area in the nave. The preacher based his sermon on the need for kindness to animals. He told the children several delightful stories showing how responsive animals and birds could be if treated kindly.



A COUNTRY SCENE

The Dragon-fly

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

ONE day, I trust in the near future, a boy or girl will not be graduated from the grammar school until he or she is able to tell on examination some of the commonest insect friends from the more harmful ones. When this time comes, the lives of tens of thousands of useful insect friends will be guaranteed against ruthless destruction through present-day ignorance.

The fact is, were it not for the many useful insects working constantly to hold the harmful blood-sucking pests in check, many a man and woman now living would be in their graves. There are many of these friends of ours who have failed to receive general recognition as being benefactors to mankind, and among them, the dragon-fly stands at the head of the list. He has been slandered so long in being accused of feeding and doctoring snakes, that people who are educated are still asking the silly questions.

What a perfect model for an airplane is a dragon-fly! Sometimes you may be standing by the side of a brook or pond and observe a dragon-fly skimming the surface and with the point of her abdomen draw a line on the water. She is simply dropping her eggs into the water which sink as so many grains of sand to the bottom. After they hatch, the young swim about feeding on wiggletails and other harmful insect larvae, thus taking advantage of the pests before they reach maturity. Again, two years later, you may be standing by the same pond in the month of April or May and see a very ugly stranger crawl out and walk upon a stone or a weed or a stump. Soon after drying out, the old skin begins to split above his shoulders and then he crawls out, and you will recognize your old dragon-fly friend. Now his wings are iridescent and beautiful, and after his body has dried, he sails away into the airy depths as skilfully as if he had had ten years training. Now he skims the air, scooping up mosquitoes, house-flies and other harm-

ful insects, and if he sees one that he is not sure that he can snap up in his strong jaws, he simply weaves his six legs into a basket and scoops him up in it as he darts gracefully through the air.

Really, it was many years ago that I had the great economic value of the dragon-fly brought to my attention, when early in the morning two dozen passengers were waiting for an early morning train in the midst of a thousand or ten thousand mosquitoes. The air was full of dragon-flies and, as fast as the mosquitoes would alight on our cheeks and foreheads, these dragon-flies would snap them off. As a result, I never received one bite. I have been preaching the preservation of the dragon-fly ever since. He is surely nature's check against these pests.

Because a dragon-fly has bulging eyes and has borne the reputation of feeding snakes, there is still a general prejudice against him. This is augmented by the fact that many of them are seen about ponds and creeks where many snakes dwell. But mosquitoes hatch out from such places and this makes it a favored place for the dragon-fly to tarry. A dragon-fly moves so swiftly that he visits all parts of the country where he finds business good, and this may take him even on the hills. He is a visitor to all parts of the city and may be seen darting here and there about dense hedgerows, snapping up the mosquitoes that come thither to find a shelter from the warm sun. A true dragon-fly does not fold his wings when he alights, but his near-relative, and he has three hundred kinsfolk—the damselfly, folds her wings when she is at rest.

For more than a quarter of a century I have been patiently pleading through the newspapers, magazines and on the lecture platform for the preservation and protection of the dragon-fly, and yet every summer educated people kill them and send them to me for identification. If men knew that they are killing a family physician each time they take the life of a dragon-fly, I am sure that they would be more careful. Dragon-flies are too common not to be known. I recall a visit I made to Boston a few years ago with my son. While waiting for an opportunity to cross the street in front of King's Chapel, a kind woman whispered to my boy that a bad looking fly was sitting on my hat and it might chew a hole in it! It was nothing more than a dragon-fly, and my boy thanked her, but let his friend whom he had known for years spend all the time he wanted on his father's felt hat.

Dragon-flies represent one kind of many other friendly insects that have been laboring for centuries to help make this world a comfortable place for man to reside. Let us recognize this service and teach the public to throw the arm of protection about them.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Remember the Mass. Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Little Fellows

(Squirrels)

ELLA C. FORBES

*Have you met the Little Fellows
Whisking, frisking up and down,
Beady-eyed and furry coated,
On the streets of Forest Town?*

*Have you seen them watching shyly,
From the boughs above your head?
Little eyes so full of sparkle,
Little hearts so full of dread.*

*If you school yourself to patience,
When they find there is no trap
They will scamper up to breakfast
Off the goodies in your lap.*

*Little paws will meet your fingers,
Little coats will brush your hand
While the Little Fellows greet you
A friend in Forest Land.*



Courtesy of Our Animals

ARITHMETIC

One Down and One to Carry



Silverdale "Billy"

ELIZABETH ROONEY

It was during my stay at our summer cottage, "Silverdale Lodge," that I made the acquaintance of this charming baby deer. One of the neighbors found him one rainy day in June, lying in the wet grass, a short distance from our cabin. The mother deer was nowhere to be seen and so he took the baby home with him.

At first, the fawn refused to drink the milk they so kindly offered him, but after considerable coaxing finally drank some of it from a spoon. In a short time he was drinking the milk and eating the other dainties the children gave him. His little wobbly legs seemed rather weak and he slept a great deal of the time for the first few weeks. In a short time, however, he was running nimbly about.

The name "Billy" was selected for him and he soon knew his name and came when called. Now, every morning Billy is given his liberty and quickly disappears into the forest. He generally returns about supper time, but occasionally remains away over night. The accompanying snap shows Billy eating a cookie from my hand, and I'm quite sure he would say "I thank you," if he could talk!

Brave Rescue of Castaway Dog

BERG" is a queer name for a dog. It was given him because he was found cast away on an iceberg far at sea, and rescued. It is a thrilling story and true. He was a big Newfoundland, believed to have been one of a team of sledge dogs belonging to a seal hunter. With the aid of a powerful telescope Berg was discovered by the crew of a ship engaged in repairing the cable stretching from Newfoundland to Ireland. At first he was thought to be a seal but when the cable ship had nosed its course a little nearer to him he proved to be a dog who had drifted on the ice-floe more than a hundred miles.

The rescue of the dog was accomplished with the greatest difficulty. Plowing through the heavy ice the ship forced its way to where the exhausted and nearly starved dog lay. A brave seaman climbed over the side and caught the dog's harness with a boat-hook and drew him on board. He recovered in due time from his long fast and exposure and was adopted by the whole ship's company as its mascot. It was an act of mercy, courageous and humane, prompted and performed through man's love for the most loyal of his animal friends.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

"PEPPER," Hugh King Harris.

A sprightly, lovable, game little fox-terrier tells his own life story in language which at once and continuously impresses the reader as characteristic of his kind. It is a book which closely approaches the "Black Beauty" type, than which there can be no stronger recommendation.

It is not merely another dog story, but an outstanding revelation in dog psychology, written with a keen understanding of both the canine and the human world. Pepper, the intelligent terrier, tells his life from his first recollection, on through adventures, mysteries, dangers, and delights in a way that holds the attention. His analysis of the minds and dispositions of "persons," as he sees them, is superb, and his description of the characteristics of his dog friends of varying breeds no less attractive to the reader. As is true in "Black Beauty," the humanitarian appeal is very strong. Dog lovers will instantly respond to it, and those who have been indifferent will have their interest quickened. We believe this book will prove to be a most promising stimulus to the progress of humane education. A score of illustrative drawings and decorative cover are highly attractive.

253 pp. \$1.50, Lotthrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

The sad destruction of birds, lured during the dark and foggy nights of the migratory season, by the brilliant war memorial beacon on Mount Greylock was humanely halted by the reservation commissioner who ordered the great light turned off. Hundreds of birds had perished, but the tragedy will not be repeated. The light-houses along our shores take a heavy annual toll of the birds. Let the inland beacons be extinguished when the migrants are on the wing.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly at Norwood, Mass., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Norwood, Mass. Editor—Guy Richardson, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. Business Managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation). All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors, Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this third day of October, 1933.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
(My commission expires Jan. 21, 1938)

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property), describe the property).

Humane Literature and Band of Mercy Supplies

For sale by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.,

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., at these prices, postpaid.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets

Humane Calendar for 1934	each, 20 cts
Two for 35 cts.; six for \$1.00; \$1.80 per dozen	
Our Dumb Animals , 1932, bound volume	\$1.00
Our Dumb Animals , January to December, 1929, and 1931, bound in cloth, special, each	.75
Colored Posters, 17, 28 inches, with attractive pictures and verses, six in the set	\$1.00
Be Kind to Animals Blotters, 6½x3½	\$.50 per 100

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth, 45 cents; paper, 20 cts.	
The Shame of it—Mutilating the horse by setting up his tail. Dr. Rowley's protest against this cruelty for fashion's sake. Four illus., 4 pp.	Free
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley	\$.30 per 100
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 5 cts., or	5.00 "
The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc.	.60 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5	.50 "
The Horse's Prayer	.30 "
The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow	.50 "

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